

## The Critic

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We are constantly receiving letters from subscribers, asking to what date their subscriptions have been paid. If they would look at the date opposite their names on the address label of their papers, they would find the question already answered, and thus save themselves—and us—unnecessary correspondence.

THE CRITIC COMPANY.

### Authors at Home.\* VIII.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER AT HARTFORD.

THREE-QUARTERS of a mile west of the railway station, in an angle which Farmington Avenue makes with Forest Street, and where the town looks out into the country, lives Mr. Warner, with Harriet Beecher Stowe and Mark Twain for his near neighbors. Their houses are but a stone's throw apart. No stones are thrown between them, however; the three authors being not on stone-throwing terms, but very far otherwise. Mr. Warner's house is a spacious, attractive dwelling, of the colonial style. It stands, unenclosed, several rods back from the street, in a grove of noble chestnuts, having no other grounds, nor needing any other. Close behind it, at the foot of a steep, bushy bank, sweeps the bend of a considerable stream, above and below unhappily called Hog River, but as viewed from Mr. Warner's and Mr. Clemens's study windows, winding gracefully beneath them, difficult to speak of by that name.

The Garden, which Mr. Warner has made so famous, will be looked for in vain on the premises. Indoors, indeed, the sage 'Calvin' is found enjoying, on a mantel, such immortality as a bronze bust can confer; but nowhere the Garden. It pertained to another house, where Mr. Warner lived when 'My Summer in a Garden' was written; the fireside of which, also, is celebrated in his 'Back-log Studies,' to not a few of his readers the most delightful of his books,—a house dear to the recollection of many a friend and guest. While it is true that Mr. Warner's experiment of horticulture was, in the time of it, something of a reality, its main success, it may be owned without disparagement, was literary; and with the ripening of its literary product, the impulse to it rather expired.

As one would anticipate, the interior of Mr. Warner's house is genial and homelike. A cheerful drawing-room opens into a wide, bright music-room, making with it one shapely apartment of generous hospitable proportions. The furnishing is simple, but in every item pleasing. The hand of modern decorative art is there, though under rational restraint. A chimney-piece of oriental design rises above

the fireplace of the music-room, set with antique tiles brought by Mr. Warner from Damascus. Other spoils of travel are displayed here and there, with pictures and engravings of the best. In the nook of a bow-window is a lovely cast of the Venus of Milo, which, when it was made a birthday present in the family, was inscribed 'The Venus of Mi-lo, to the Venus of my-h'eye.' The house is full of books. Every part of it is more or less of a library. Laden shelves flank the landings of the broad stairway, and so on all the way up to the work-room in the third story, where the statuette of Thackeray on our author's table seems to survey with amusement the accumulated miscellaneous mass of literature stacked and piled around. Upon any volume of this collection Mr. Warner can lay his hand in an instant—when he has found where it is. This opulence of books is partly due to the fact that Mr. Warner is a newspaper editor, and in that capacity has the general issue of the press precipitated upon him. Not that he keeps it all. The theological works and biblical commentaries mostly go to the minister. And there are a score of children about, whose juvenile libraries are largely made up of contributions from 'Uncle Charley.' His home is a thoroughly charming one in every way, and whoever may have the pleasure of an evening there will come away wishing that he might write an article on the mistress of that house.

Here Mr. Warner spends his forenoons and does his literary work. He is very industrious, and is an unusually rapid writer. Some of his most enjoyed sketches that are apt to be quoted as specimens of his best work, peculiarly exhibiting his delicate and amiable humor and the characteristic merits of his style, were finished at a sitting. In the afternoon he is 'down town' on duty as editor-in-chief of *The Hartford Courant*—the oldest newspaper in continuous existence in this country, having been founded in 1764. His associate editor-in-chief is Gen. Joseph R. Hawley, of the United States Senate. The main pursuit of Mr. Warner's life has been journalism. His native turn was literary. The ink began to stir in his veins when he was a boy. In his youth he was a contributor to the old *Knickerbocker* and *Putnam's Magazine*. But circumstances did not permit him to follow his bent. After graduating at college, he engaged for awhile in railroad surveying in the West; then studied, and for a short time practised, law; but finally, at the call of his friend Hawley, came to Hartford and settled down to the work of an editor, devoting his whole strength to it, with marked success from the outset, and so continued for the years before, during and after the War, supposing that as a journalist he had found his place and his career. His editorial work, however, was such as to give him a distinctly literary reputation; and a share of it was literary in form and motive. People used to preserve his Christmas stories and letters of travel in their scrap-books. The chapters of 'My Summer in a Garden' were originally a series of articles written for his paper, without a thought of further publication. It was in response to numerous suggestions coming to him from various quarters that they were made into a book. The extraordinary favor with which the little volume was received was a surprise to Mr. Warner, who insisted that there was nothing in it better than he had been accustomed to write. He was much disposed to view the hit he had made as an accident, and to doubt if it would lead to anything further in the line of authorship. But he was mistaken. The purveyors of literature were after him at once. That was in 1870. Since then his published works have grown to a considerable list, and there is time, if fortunately his life is spared, for a good many more.

His stock of material is ample and is constantly replenished. His mind is eminently of the inquiring and acquisitive order. His travels have been fruitful of large information to him. He returned from his journey to the East, which produced 'My Winter on the Nile' and 'In the Levant,' with a knowledge of Egyptian art and history such as few travellers gain, and with a rare insight into the intricate in-

\* Copyright, 1884, by J. L. & J. B. Gilder. All rights reserved. Previously Published: Mr. Whittier at Amesbury, by Mrs. H. F. Spofford, Nov. 1. Mr. Burroughs at Esopus, by R. R. Jordan, Nov. 22. Mr. Curtis at West Brighton, by G. P. Lathrop, Dec. 6. Dr. Holmes in Beacon Street, by A. W. Rollins, Jan. 3 and 10. Mark Twain at "Nook Farm," by C. H. Clark, Jan. 17. George Bancroft at Washington, by B. G. Lovejoy, Feb. 7. Walt Whitman at Camden, by G. Selwyn, Feb. 28.

and out of the Eastern Question, past and present. Though not an orator, hardly a season passes that he is not invited to give an address at some college anniversary—an invitation which he has several times accepted. He has, of late, also delivered in various colleges a course of lectures of great interest and value, on 'The Relation of Literature to Life.' He is an enthusiastic believer in the classic culture, and has repeatedly written and spoken in its defence. His humor is in his grain, and is the humor of a man of very deep convictions and earnest character. Mr. Warner is highly esteemed among his fellow-citizens, and is often called to serve in one public capacity or another. He was for a number of years a member of the Park Commission of the city of Hartford; and he has just rendered a report to the Connecticut Legislature, as chairman of a special Prison Commission appointed by the State. He is a communicant in the Congregational Church, and a constant attendant on public worship.

Mr. Warner is a good-looking man; tall, spare, and erect in frame, with a strong countenance indicative of thought and refinement. His head is capacious, his forehead high and clear, and the kindly eyes behind his eye-glasses are noticeably wide-open. He would be remarked anywhere as a person of decidedly striking appearance. The years have powdered his full beard and abundant clustering hair, though he will not be an old man for some time yet. He walks with a quick, energetic step, with his head thrown back, and pushing on as if he were after something. In going back and forth daily between his house and his editorial room in the *Courant* Building, he disdains the street railway service, habitually making the trip of something over a mile each way afoot, in all weathers. His pedestrian powers are first-rate, and he takes great pleasure in exerting them. He likes to shoulder a knapsack and go off on a week's tramp through the Catskill or White Mountains, and whoever goes with him is sure of enough exercise. He is fond of exploration, and has recently made, in successive seasons, two quite extensive horseback excursions—with Prof. T. R. Lounsbury, of the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale, for his companion—through the unfrequented parts of Pennsylvania, Tennessee and North Carolina. Of the second of these excursions he is now preparing an account in a series of articles for *The Atlantic Monthly*. He has the keenest relish for out-door life, especially in the woods. His favorite vacation resort is the Adirondack region, where, first and last, he has camped out a great many weeks. His delectable little book, 'In the Wilderness,' came of studies of human and other nature there made. He is an expert and patient angler, but enjoys nothing so much as following all day a forest trail through some before-unvisited tract, halting to bivouac under the open sky, whenever overtaken by night. He is easily companionable with anybody he chances to be with, and under such circumstances, while luxuriating around the camp-fire, smoking his moderate pipe, will be not unlikely to keep his guide up half the night, drawing him out and getting at his views and notions on all sorts of subjects.

JOSEPH H. TWICHELL.

### Reviews

#### Mr. Morse's "John Adams."

Of the historico-biographical series of American Statesmen, edited by Mr. Morse, this life of John Adams is the third volume written by Mr. Morse himself. Whether he reserved for himself the subjects he has treated—John Adams, Thomas Jefferson and John Quincy Adams—or whether they fell to him by chance, we do not know; but of the whole fourteen biographies, published and announced, these three were, perhaps, the most difficult, and certainly have been treated with great skill. There are no other three men, eminent in American history, about whom, while they lived, opinion was more divided; while there are none, ex-

cepting Washington and Lincoln, whose lives made a deeper impression on their own times, or were of more lasting influence upon the future. They were men of great intellectual power and—what is of more effect in the world's work—of great force of character. Each created, as well as directed, events. Jefferson and the elder Adams were the chosen chiefs of the two great parties into which the country was divided at the adoption of the Constitution, one leading his followers, as they believed, to defeat and ruin, the other leading his to victory, the fruits of which they gathered for sixty years. Judicial, candid and intelligent biographies of such men must needs be the history of the periods in which they so largely directed the current of public affairs. But the difficulties in each case are peculiar, not the least of them being that the questions which were vital while these men were alive, are as quick to-day, in one or another aspect, as they were fifty or a hundred years ago. The biographer, therefore, is quite as liable now as he would have been then, to come within the influence of partisan or personal bias, while to do his work as it should be done, it is an absolute pre-requisite that he should be free from both. One cannot read Mr. Morse's volumes without feeling that he is free from both; and with that feeling comes implicit confidence, not merely in his accuracy of statement, but in the correctness of his judgment. One must, indeed, be a partisan himself if he is not willing to acknowledge that he has gained new light upon the characters of these men from Mr. Morse's presentation of them. In that respect alone the books are interesting studies; but they are not less valuable for the clear and vivid narration of the historical events of the times to which they refer. This is especially true, in both respects, of the biography of John Adams. If there ever can have been any plausible doubt of how important a part he took in organizing the Revolution of the Colonies, and in establishing the Republic, it is dispersed by the incontrovertible facts of this narrative; and his administration of affairs as President, which has hitherto been obscured by much controversy upon his personal character and motives, appears as that of a wise and unselfish ruler. However certainly it may have involved the ruin of his party, it may nevertheless have been absolutely necessary for the safety of the country. To correct the record of history on a problem like that is a thing well worth doing.

Mr. Morse is so uniformly accurate in historical statement that he will, no doubt, be glad of the suggestion of a possible error in this volume. He questions if John Adams was thanked by Captain Preston for the services rendered him as legal counsel on his trial for murder as commander of the British troops in the collision with the mob, known as the 'Boston Massacre.' This, of course, may be true, but is more probably erroneous. As Captain Preston was quick to acknowledge his gratitude for the favorable construction which he believed the public put upon his conduct, so it seems quite impossible that he should not have been grateful to John Adams and Josiah Quincy, Jr., who carried him, at the hazard of their own reputations, safely through the trial. In the *Boston Gazette* of March 12th, 1770, is a card from Captain Preston which seems to be generally overlooked by the historians and is worth copying in full. It is—if Captain Preston is worthy of any notice by history, and that is not questioned—an interesting bit of testimony as to how he felt in his trying and precarious position. He writes:

BOSTON GAOL, Monday, 12th March, 1770.

Messieurs Edes and Gill: Permit me thro' the Channel of your Paper, to return my Thanks in the most Publick Manner to the Inhabitants in general of this Town—who, throwing aside all Party and Prejudice, have with the utmost Humanity and Freedom stept forth Advocates for Truth, in defence of my injured Innocence, in the late unhappy Affair that happened on Monday Night last: And to assure them, that I shall ever have the highest Sense of the Justice they have done me, which will be ever gratefully remembered by their much obliged and most obedient humble Servant,

THOMAS PRESTON.

\* John Adams. By John T. Morse, Jr. (American Statesmen Series.) \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



He could hardly have expected that the shooting of several citizens in State Street, by soldiers under his command, would be passed over without legal inquiry; and his sense of his perilous position must have made him more, not less, conscious of the humanity and justice which would not heed the popular clamor.

Vernon Lee's "Miss Brown."\*

THOSE who have followed Vernon Lee's strong and fine work in other literary directions heard with interest the announcement of her first novel. The result will surprise even those who expected a good deal that was good. Even as a story it is more than interesting, being full of picturesque color, while the plot is unusual, being wholly an intellectual one, dependent for striking events upon phases and moods of character and not upon incident. The surprises are many, and the whole is ingeniously brought to a close with one of those moral problems—stated, not solved, by the author—which will pique conversation in many a drawing-room, with that suggestive question, 'Do you think Miss Brown was right in doing what she did?' The average novelist begins with a fixed set of characters who are all to be good or bad, respectively, in all the conditions of life; the only ingenuity required being to invent scenes to bring out the goodness of some and the badness of others, in varying degrees but always in the way first bargained for.

Vernon Lee travels no such hackneyed road. Her characters grow; they develop, they degenerate, they pass from mood to mood, as life and experience begin to tell upon them. Other novelists have worked similar unexpected changes in character, it is true; but usually it is felt that when the good young man turns out to be bad, it was because he was bad in the beginning, and we were merely deceived in him by the skill of the novelist. But Vernon Lee's hero, if he changes in your estimation, changes because he himself has changed. The heroine, 'Miss Brown,' becomes from a beautiful nurse-maid a young woman of deep and sweet attractiveness, very much in love with the guardian who has raised her from her first station to culture, nobleness and refinement. Here would be the story for the ordinary novelist; but Vernon Lee is not content with this. Slowly the hero and guardian falls into æsthetic ways of life and thought, becomes prominent in circles where 'good taste' is the only standard recognized in art or morals, visits his suffering tenants, not to make them more comfortable, but to find a subject for a picturesque sonnet, and in his art purposely deals with what is—really, it is not too strong an expression to say, indecent,—not because he himself has as yet fallen into the depths he describes, but because, with the strange willingness of some men who are perfectly spotless themselves and would contemplate with horror the idea of really doing what they take pains to represent themselves as doing, he is ready to defame himself for the sake of seeming a 'man of the world,' *au fait* in all the wickedness that exists, and inclined to judge it 'leniently, you know,' because it exists. Slowly, slowly, but surely as our share of the earth turns from the sun after high noon, Miss Brown's love turns from him till her feeling is one almost of loathing. The skill with which this gradual change of feeling is shown is masterly, as circumstances rise that test his manhood and strain her love. The efforts to appeal to him, and his subtle evasion of them, are wonderful bits of character. Here again the ordinary novelist would consider the story brought to a successful close; but just as Vernon Lee's heroine is completely weaned from the hero, he falls into the depths into which he had been artistically gazing. Can she save him from the other woman if she marries him? Does she owe herself—her beautiful purity, her nobility of standard—to him, because in earlier days he made her what she is and taught her to raise her standard? This is the problem: does gratitude claim the sacrifice of all we are to those who made us what we are?

Vernon Lee does not decide it; she merely tells us how one proud young soul decided it. Slowly, slowly, but surely as our share of the earth turns again toward the sun after night, the inner law of Miss Brown's nature turns her again toward Hamlin; not back to the old love and trust, but forward, as the earth turns her darkened face once more toward the sun, though it is possible she will not see his face for clouds and mist.

The book closes with the marriage. All that followed is left to our imagination; and it is a subtle tribute to the dignity and reticence of the heroine's proud nature that the author tacitly admits we never should know what happened to 'Miss Brown' after that marriage. If it was misery and a wronged trust, none would know. And yet we do know: Miss Brown would not save him. It would have been better, perhaps, to let his care of her remain the one beautiful, unsullied act of his life, rather than try to compensate with such gratitude a generosity which faltered in its generosity. Here alone is material for a very pretty plot and a good deal of moral; but a still more prominent problem in the book—for if not a story with a purpose, it is a story with two problems—is the treatment of the æsthetic craze, the puzzling question why the beautiful is not always the good, why the pursuit of the beautiful simply because it is beautiful, or of anything merely 'for art's sake,' is no more a test of character than a thermometer is the test of the moral warmth or coldness of a person sitting near it. We have said enough to show that Vernon Lee does not believe that the beautiful is the good necessarily, but her treatment of the subject is unique in a double way: she turns us against mere æstheticism, neither by ingenious ridicule of the Gilbert and Sullivan description, nor by comparing it with the religious motive. There is not a particle of ridicule in the book, nor is the religious 'note' struck at all. Anne is guided to the high stand she takes by the clear, cold standards by which George Eliot ruled her life and would have us rule ours; not because there is a God and a future life for reward or retribution, but because, whatever is or is not, it is better to be good than to be bad, better to be true than to be beautiful, better to be kind than to be artistic. This is an outgrowth of much modern philosophy, but it is new in a novel. We do not mean that this ground is taken consciously. We have no reason to suppose that Vernon Lee meant to teach such philosophy. We mean merely that this ground has been taken, and that it is interesting as a phase of modern thought.

"My Lady Pokahontas."\*

THE only grudge we have against this ancient and honorable dame is the number of 'Pokys' she has given rise to in abbreviation-loving Virginia. If people will call their baby-girls 'Tippecanoe,' or 'Secessia,' or 'Southern Confederacy,' down in that venerable commonwealth, they must, in revenge, submit to startling syncopes in these euphonious designations. Now 'My Lady Pokahontas,' done up as she is in quaintest English and quaintest binding, beruffled and begloved, with notes dangling like ribbons at the sides and shoulders of the text—'My Lady Pokahontas,' we say, as the 'cheering' if not 'inebriating' medium of Mr. John Esten Cooke's antiquarian lore, deserves far better at our hands than this. This 'True Relation of Virginia,' with its new-old face and its Elizabethan English, floats like a mote in the sunbeam of the 'Generall Historie of Virginia, New England, and the Summer Isles,' making itself distinct from surrounding motes by an individuality all its own. In it Anas Todkill appeareth as a brave and trusty soldier of the first Virginia wars, who adhered to Smith in all his struggles with the factions of Jamestown, took part in the fierce combats with the Indians on the York and the Rappahannock, and signed his name to a number of the old 'relations' as both

\* Miss Brown. By Vernon Lee. New York: Harper's Franklin Square Library.

\* My Lady Pokahontas. A True Relation of Virginia. Writ by Anas Todkill, Puritan and Pilgrim. With notes by J. E. Cooke. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

actor and author. As to the credibility of the author's statements, corroborative notes (those same shoulder-knots) show how minutely Master Todkill coincideth with his beloved Captain John Smith; and in the pages which relate to the love romance of two very celebrated personages—Pokahontas and the doughty Captain himself—to the joys and sorrows, the passionate longings and regrets which made up their lives,—the worthy Puritan and Pilgrim mirrors the details of events and incidents which are embalmed in contemporary chronicles.

Mr. Cooke, as master of ceremonies in this delightful rehabilitation, shows his hero as more than a mere *sartor resartus*. Honest Todkill is no piece of Tussaud wax-work. The creature talks, and talks charmingly, disembowelling himself, as it were, in his Table of Contents, and showing you the very color and mechanism of his heart. He has audacious interviews with Sweet Will Shakespeare, witnesses the 'strange antics of Pokahontas,' makes the acquaintance of Master Rolfe, and tells how, finally, my lady passed in peace. It is seldom that the dust gathered in an old library has wrought itself into a more lifelike image and superscription. Historical romances are too often dreary enough reading. Their history is false, their romance is misleading, and their scenery is cold and artificial. It is like looking in a pewter spoon and having your visage elongated out of all proportion. In this 'quip and crank' of our Virginia author the unities are well preserved. The picture is hung in an Elizabethan atmosphere. The antiquary's rubbish is carelessly yet masterfully scattered about, with a view to simple realism and nothing more, and one has not to wade through acres and avenues of sphinxes and —introductions, as in the elaborate romances of the great Wizard of the North. The Pokahontas-legend has sprouted once again and sent forth this pretty shoot, which the publishers have potted, so to speak, and set in a most artistic flower-stand at our study-window.

#### Ebers's "Serapis."\*

A NEW novel by Ebers is always a pleasure; and 'Serapis' has all the qualities conspicuous in the Egyptian novels that preceded it, with an intensified dramatic and descriptive power that tempts one to pronounce it one of the very best of the series. Nothing is lost from that perfectly preserved atmosphere of something foreign to our own experience in time and place, which one felt instinctively to be foreign whether or not one were Egyptologist enough to recognize it as perfect; while at the same time the interest is kept up by a stress of human feeling which makes the thrilling events chronicled hold one as if they happened before one's eyes. The early Christians are represented, not as martyrs and haloed heroes, but as human beings with a great deal of human nature in them; the touch of the Christian Bishop quite indifferent to the conversion and the fate of a young Christian maiden as soon as he learned that she preferred to be an Aryan Christian, being especially—shall we say natural, or artistic? The heroine is not a young girl ardent in the Christian faith, as is customary in similar historical stories, but one clinging fiercely to the old faiths; the description of the torture to her soul, even after she began to turn to the light, in the sacrilegious destruction of the old gods and temples, being given with wonderful vividness. The mere outward descriptions are singularly effective; whether of a young girl resting in a garden on soft cushions under the gilt-coffered ceiling of the arcade, peeling a luscious peach as she listens to the plash of the fountains and watches the buds swelling on the tall trees, while among the smooth, shining leaves of the orange and lemon trees gleamed the swelling fruit,—or of a maiden devoted to the worship of Isis waiting for her Christian lover,—or finally of the magnificent Serapeum, never more glorious than when the Christians had resolved on its destruction and the cunning priests,

with the aid of mirrors, caused a ray of the setting sun—a shaft of intense brightness—to fall on the lips of the statue of the god as if in derision of his enemies. Of dramatic effects there are many intensely dramatic; more especially the scene where Constantine mounts the ladder with his axe to overthrow the god, almost as sensitive himself to his own daring as the young agonized girl, watching him as if the first blow he should deal to the beautiful and unique work of art might wreck her love for him, as his axe would wreck the ivory. Even more powerful than this, perhaps, is the scene where Theophilus, struggling in vain to persuade even his own followers to the destruction of the great image, seizes the crucifix of his own Lord, and trembling almost at his own audacity, dashes it to the ground in fragments, to show that even the symbol of his own religion is as nothing compared with the spirit; falling then upon his knees in an ecstasy of remorseful prayer, and gathering up the bits of broken ivory to kiss them devoutly. The book is so full of scenes and effects like this, that while quite as instructive in its way as the other Egyptian novels, it is more strikingly interesting as a story.

#### "The Genius and Character of Emerson."\*

THE first authoritative publication of the sect of worshippers of Emerson known as the Concord School of Philosophy is made in the form of a volume of essays, all devoted to the genius and characteristics of their great leader, and which were read during the session of the school in 1884. The book is edited by Mr. F. B. Sanborn. The opening essay, on 'Emerson and Boston,' by Mrs. E. D. Cheney, seems to be one of the best. It adds something to the general mass of information about Emerson, showing that he was born in Boston and spent his childhood there, in the midst of commercial activity, when every boy might look forward to a successful business career. There are interesting details of the pecuniary condition of the family, which certainly make more notable the philosophical sayings on such practical matters as the spending of money and the cost in hard cash of a 'good pride.' But Emerson does not appear, at any period, to have had an inclination toward trade; and it was during and after the war with England, which almost ruined the town as a commercial centre and brought politics into the foreground, that he seems to have begun to study closely. An excerpt from one of his first letters to Carlyle shows this clearly. His college career is described, and his later utterances concerning Boston are ably analyzed, and the paper is readable throughout. Another curious essay, on 'Emerson as Seen from India,' is furnished by Protap Chunder Mozoomdar, who, after enumerating the blessings of English civilization in India—its railroads, telegraphs, refined flirtations and scientific books—asks, in innocent wonder, where all this will end. He concludes that Emerson was a Brahman who had as little sympathy with all these materialistic manifestations as himself. There are chapters on Emerson's Orientalism, by Dr. Harris; his religion, by Dr. Bartol; his ethics, by Edwin D. Mead; and there are poems in his honor by Miss Emma Lazarus, Ellen Channing, F. B. Sanborn, and Mrs. E. C. Kinney. A photograph from a painting made in Edinburgh in 1848, showing Emerson in middle life and in the attitude of a lecturer, serves as frontispiece, and there is a photographic view of the Hillside Chapel in Mr. Alcott's orchard, where the Concord School holds its meetings.

#### Minor Notices.

THE futility of the effort to produce a dictionary of genuine synonyms struck us as our eye fell on the word Great in Mr. H. C. Faulkner's 'Handy Dictionary of Synonyms.' (New York: A. L. Burt. 50 cts.) This word has the following 'synonyms' placed opposite it: 'big, huge, large, majestic, vast, grand, noble, august'—words as different

\* Serapis. By Georg Ebers. From the German, by Clara Bell. New York: W. S. Gottsberger.

\* The Genius and Character of Emerson. Edited by F. B. Sanborn. \$2. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.



from one another as a minor chord is from a major, or an f-sharp from a b-flat. Accordingly, the unfortunate foreigner who should venture to speak of a 'vast gentleman,' a 'majestic scare,' or an 'august mistake,' is more to be compassionated than laughed at, if he invests in such a publication unadvisedly. Mr. Faulkner's little book, however, is not intended for foreigners; and, although we do not take quite so tragical a view of the matter as he does, when he says that 'a verbal misnomer has changed the current of history and a verbal sophism been fraught with appalling consequences'—mere shop-talk,—we can say that most of his synonyms show commendable accuracy and observation, and that his book will assist persons afflicted with *cacœthes scribendi*. The vocabulary of most persons is not so meagre as he imagines. Morris tells us that it is from three to five thousand words—no small number for the 'infinite nobody,' considering that Shakspeare used only 15,000, Milton 8000, the English Bible (King James's Version) 6000, and so on. Now, anybody that pleases may broider his diction and paint his epithets out of the 130,000 words claimed to be in Ogilvie's Imperial, or the 118,000 found in neighborly contact within the covers of the last Webster.

THE view that a natural history of civilization should be, not so much a narration of events, as a description of men and things, has been carried out by Wallace Wood, M.D., in two books, one on the 'Twenty Styles of Architecture,' published in London in 1881, and the other, just published by D. Appleton & Co., on 'The Hundred Greatest Men.' This last is furnished with introductions to the several parts by well-known writers, Matthew Arnold introducing the reader to the seventeen greatest poets, and M. Taine to the thirteen greatest artists in sculpture, painting and music. Prof. Max Müller, President Noah Porter, Prof. Helmholtz and Mr. John Fiske are among the other writers of introductory essays, and there is a general introduction by Emerson. The book is made up, apart from these, of a series of short critical biographies, each of which is illustrated by a portrait copied from a good original by the well-known Woodbury process. Many of these originals are exceedingly scarce, and the idea of collecting them for the purpose of illustrating the present volume was an excellent one. The reproductions are well printed, and although most of them have been very much reduced, they are sufficiently clear, and preserve a great deal of the expression of the engravings, gems, etc., from which they were made. An appendix giving the sources of these portraits will be of great interest to print collectors and antiquarians generally.

'DAY'S COLLAÇON' is described on the title-page as an encyclopædia of prose quotations, etc.—elegant extracts, in short, from the most eminent writers of all nations, with a biographical index of authors, and an alphabetical list of subjects treated. It is a bulky subscription book of 1216 pages, and of course contains a little from everybody—from Æschylus and from Fanny Fern. It has some features which are likely to make it uncommonly useful as a book of reference, one of which is the abundance of woodcut portraits of the old school of wood-engraving, handsomely printed on heavy plate paper. The biographical index is very full, especially in American names. It is a handsomely printed and heavily bound volume, and is published by the International Printing and Publishing Company, of New York, at \$12 a copy.—THE two volumes of *The Century* for 1884 contain more of what is permanently valuable in reading matter and illustrations than any books of similar price that we can bring to mind. Cable's 'Dr. Sevier,' Mrs. Van Rensselaer's illustrated articles on 'Recent Architecture in America,' Mr. Stillman's papers on Greek art and archæology, 'The Bread Winners,' John Burroughs's delightful essays—in short, everything that the volumes contain is well worth having; and no one will wish to separate the articles who has read them together in the magazine.

#### Recent Fiction.

'THE HALLAM SUCCESSION,' by Amelia E. Barr (Phillips & Hunt), is a story of mingled strength and refinement, which may be best described as a series of beautiful pictures. Sometimes the picture is a bit of landscape: 'the still serenity of a September evening; the rustling of the falling leaves under the feet; the gleaming of the blue and white asters through the misty haze gathering over the fields and park.' Sometimes it is a beautiful girl, coming forward in a picturesque old-fashioned gown—a long, perfectly plain one, of white India mull, a narrow black belt confining it at the waist, a collar of rich lace and a brooch of gold fastening it at the throat; her feet sandalled, her large white hands unjewelled and ungloved, while with one she lifts slightly her flowing dress. Sometimes it is a stern but hospitable Yorkshire squire, entertaining the rector at his fireside, and exclaiming 'Elizabeth, let's hev that round o' spiced beef, and some cold chicken, and a bit o' raspberry tart, and some clouted cream, if there's owt o' t' sort in t' buttery. There's nothing like a bit o' good eating, if there's owt wrong wi' you.' Sometimes it is a vivid historical picture, like the interview of Gen. Houston with Santa Anna, when the brave American, suffering keenly from his wound, drew part of an ear of corn from his pocket: 'Sir, do you ever expect to conquer men fighting for freedom who can march four days with an ear of corn for a ration?' To which young Tavala replied: 'Señor, give me, I pray you, one grain of that corn; I will plant and replant it until my fields wave with it.' Sometimes the picture is that of a bright thoughtful girl, holding her own in a theological argument with the rector, claiming that Methodism was not Dissent: 'Dissenters began everywhere with showing how fallen was the Church, how unworthy were her ministers; but Methodism began everywhere with showing her hearers how fallen they themselves were, and how utterly unworthy.' Whatever the pictures are, however, they are always charming, and the story is a unique and fine one.

'ANTHÈ,' by Mrs. G. W. Chandler (Phillips & Hunt), is a quaint and interesting story, not without touches of strong originality and power, in spite of a preposterous plot and characters strained to the utmost limit of possibility. All the people who in real life would be excellent persons, pleasant to know, are here represented as 'peerless,' while the little simpleton of the story, admirably drawn in some respects, especially as to the conversational power of her varied manner of saying 'Oh!' is in other respects far too simple part of the time and far too worldly the rest of the time. The plot, to use a good old-fashioned expression, is extremely 'far-fetched'; but, in spite of all, the book holds the reader's interest and stimulates spirited thinking. It is a story with a religious purpose, written to plead for Christianity and Christ, but with a liberality which is perfectly willing to take cognizance of the fact that some atheists are admirable persons, and that some church-goers and Christians are not wholly admirable. The episode of the painting—just a hand, with all the Delsartean power of expression in its muscles, reaching to the sky out of a stormy sea—is given with a weird power that reminds one of the drawings that first drew Rochester's attention to Jane Eyre. The conversations are full of thought, even if somewhat stilted; and the author is so evidently a religionist that her justice to the keen arguments of the atheist is remarkable. One very effective touch is the remark of Dr. Roy: 'It is not often necessary to say to a man "Why do you so?"' If he can be brought to see *what* he is doing, it is often enough.

A STORY with a surprise attached to its title is very sure of a hearing. 'Matt: a Tale of a Caravan,' by Robert Buchanan (Appleton), has a charming surprise in it; for 'Matt' proves to be a young lady—an English rough diamond of the Bret Harte variety,—and the Caravan is not a melancholy procession crossing a desert, but a caravan 'of

the good old English kind; with small windows, ornamented by white muslin curtains, with a chimney atop for the smoke to come through from the fire inside; with a door behind, ornamented with a knocker, and only lacking a door-plate to make it quite complete; in short, a House on Wheels.' And the occupant of the House is a handsome, agreeable young artist, driving himself about on the island of Anglesea for mingled 'fun' and business, reminding us, except in his solitariness, of the 'Tile Club' luxuriating in its canal-boat. The story is a most pleasant one to read. That there is a little adventure and a good deal of improbability concerned does not spoil it in the least, and whoever feels tempted to give up an evening to smiling all to himself can hardly do better than remember the 'Tale of a Caravan' and reflect that 'Matt' is waiting 'to be took.'

### On Reading the Poems of Edith Thomas.

*Then will I, fasting, say,—  
This is arbutus' gift,  
Reached from the leafy drift  
On a glistening April day.*  
WILD HONEY.

Arbutus' gift, in very truth, I deem  
These gathered, golden songs that keep the gleam  
Of early sunlight through the awakened wood;  
The vernal spirits of the sisterhood  
There cloistered, rosy-cool and vestal-shy,  
Are in these lucent cells enforced to lie;  
Here bides the baffling fragrance, here the charm.  
Henceforth I fear not frosty Hiems' harm,  
Though all his bluff besiegers he should bring:  
Behold, my bookshelf lodges Ver, the Spring!

HELEN GRAY CONE.

### The Lounger

THERE may be no law to reach such offenders, but if I were in President Cleveland's place, I should devote such leisure as the cares of office afforded me to the prosecution of the liquor dealers, insurance companies, and money-makers of other sorts, who sought to advertise their wares by printing bogus certificates with my name attached. A whole page in a Philadelphia paper of high standing was filled the other day with a pretended facsimile of the President's handwriting and signature, dated 'Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C., March 4th, 1885,' and containing a fulsome eulogy of a certain brand of whiskey which the dealers try to induce people to buy by promising to send with every six-quart bottles, 'a sure cure for consumption!' It seems to me a great nation should find some way to protect its highest officer from such indignities as this.

MR. IRVING and Miss Terry are playing a final engagement in this city, which will terminate three weeks hence. If there are any theatre-goers who have, by any chance, missed seeing them on their previous visits, I would advise them to make hay while the sun shines. Why cannot a matinée performance be given by the Lyceum Company before it sails, for the benefit of those actors and actresses, great and small, who have had no opportunity thus far of seeing how things are done at the Star?

THE EPHEMERON, which made its first—and what was then intended to be its only—appearance, early in March, 1883, is about to be revived under the able editorship of Mrs. Burton Harrison, its original projector and director. The plan of publication of this unique paper was as novel as its title. It was neither printed nor circulated in manuscript, but was read aloud before a company of invited guests at an evening party in the editor's own drawing-room. The revival is to occur on Monday evening next, March 16th, when the leading contribution will be a paper by Frank R. Stockton, to be read by Professor Charles Carroll. Julian Hawthorne, Mrs. Burnett and other literary lights are enrolled on the list of special contributors; and there will be essays, poems and editorials from the regular staff which Mrs. Harrison has rallied to her support. *The Ephemeron* was too good a paper to die the day it was born; and those who had the pleasure of hearing the first number read would rejoice over its becoming, not merely a biennial, but an annual—or better still, a monthly—publication.

THE plan for a school of American Opera, just made public, appears to be an admirable one. It was projected by Mrs. F. B. Thurber, a lady to whose musical enthusiasm, we are already indebted for the series of Thomas popular concerts arranged for next season. Mr. Thomas is to be the musical director of the American Opera, which is intended to be a school for musical education; and he will have able assistants. The Academy of Music has been secured for a three-months' season, and a prize of \$5000 offered by Mrs. Thurber for the best original American opera. If this institution achieves the success it deserves, its projectors can ask no greater reward.

I AM permitted to quote the following letter from Emerson's latest to one of his earliest biographers. It was written four months ago by Dr. O. W. Holmes, and addressed to the Rev. George Willis Cooke. The compliment was a graceful one, and well deserved:

I have, of course, as everybody ought to have, your admirable work, the excellence of which has sometimes made me regret that I had undertaken the task I am to attempt. Indeed, I never should have attempted it, had not Mr. Warner shown so strong a desire that I should do so. No man can pretend to write about Mr. Emerson without having recourse to your book—the result of long and patient labor, and of a genuine enthusiasm for the subject—an enthusiasm made safe by a sound critical judgment. If I could hope to perform my slighter task as well as all agree that you have performed your work, I should be wholly satisfied. I shall try to make a readable book of moderate pretensions which will send all who get a taste of Emerson from it to your ample storehouse of biography and criticism.

A CORRESPONDENT unused to taking things in a Pickwickian sense, informs me that 'apatite' is a mineral, and not 'a new spelling of an old word.' 'See any dictionary,' he says; and taking his advice, I consult my Unabridged, and find that the word is derived from 'ἀπάτη, deceit; ἀπατῶν, to deceive; it having been often mistaken for other minerals.' A friend in need is a friend indeed. Thanks to W. R. B., I shall never again allude to apatite as anything but 'native phosphate of lime, occurring usually in six-sided prisms, of a green or greenish color, and resembling beryl, but much softer.'

THE Symphony and Oratorio Societies propose to purchase a plot in Woodlawn Cemetery and erect there a monument to their lamented leader, the late Dr. Damrosch. They will try to raise \$4000 to this end. I hope they will succeed.

A YOUNG lady who had been visiting in Washington, but was called home the morning before Inauguration Day, wondered why her escort was so long in returning to the drawing-room from the smoking-car. When he came back, he explained that somebody in the 'smoker' was keeping the whole car in a roar of laughter by his droll sayings. In a little while he was irresistibly impelled to smoke another cigar. When he returned from the smoking-car the second time, he had found out who the 'funny man' was, who was still doing his best to make the trip to New York seem three hours shorter to his fellow-smokers than to the occupants of any other car in the train. It was none other than the greatest joker and greatest smoker in the United States—a man who smokes twenty cigars and cracks twice twenty jokes every day of his life—a man whose name is Clemens, but whom the world knows as Mark Twain!

FROM a friend in Camden:—General Butler's celebrated reply to S. S. Cox, in the words of a popular song of the day, 'Shoo fly, don't bodder me!' which made Congress hilarious, has its historic parallel in the following anecdote. I have copied it from an old American newspaper. Many of your readers will recognize a familiar expression, of whose origin and antiquity they were unaware:

The British House of Commons, in 1764, debating on the Cyder Bill: Mr. Grenville, in answer to the invective of Mr. Pitt, contended that this tax was unavoidable. 'Government,' he said, 'did not know where to lay another tax of equal efficiency. The Right Honourable gentleman complains of the hardship of the tax; why does he not tell us where we can lay another tax instead of it?'—repeating, with strong emphasis, two or three times, 'Tell me where you can lay another tax?' Mr. Pitt, thus unfairly urged, replied in a musical tone, and in the words of a favorite and popular canzonet, 'Gentle shepherd, tell me where!' The house burst into laughter, and Mr. Grenville, after this, retained the appellation of the 'Gentle Shepherd.'



## Charles Egbert Craddock.

[From the Boston Herald.]

ONE of the best-veiled literary identities since the time when George Eliot was supposed to be a man has been that of Charles Egbert Craddock, the writer of the beautiful and powerful stories of Tennessee mountain life that have appeared in *The Atlantic* for several years past. It has been known, though not generally, that Charles Egbert Craddock was a pseudonym, but no one can have suspected that the master of a style so strikingly masculine as that in these mountain tales was not a man. The secret has, until now, been well guarded, and publishers and editors have, in their dealings, addressed the author as Mr. M. N. Murfree, or M. N. Murfree, Esq., the observing editor choosing the latter form, taking it for granted that one who had so accurate a knowledge of legal methods as is shown in the stories must be a lawyer.

Charles Egbert Craddock has been a favorite contributor to *The Atlantic* for several years. Mr. Howells, when editor, was quick to perceive the striking quality of the stories. The first one printed was 'The Dancin' Party at Harrison's Cove.' When Mr. Aldrich became editor, he remembered this story, and his first act was to write to the author, asking for further contributions, meanwhile printing, as soon as possible, two stories which had been on hand some little time, unused in consequence of a press of other matter. Mr. Aldrich used to muse considerably over the personality of the author, and he once wrote asking how the latter could have become so intimate with the strange, quaint life of the mountaineers. He received a pleasant reply of several pages, which, however, did not throw much light upon the author's personality. The manuscript of 'Mr. Craddock certainly had nothing feminine about it. It was almost startlingly vigorous, with large, bold characters, every letter as plain as print, and strikingly thick, black lines. Mr. Aldrich told Miss Murfree that he used to suppose that she wrote with one of those 'dip' brushes, which the mountaineers use in their habit of 'dipping snuff.' So liberal was the author in the use of ink, that last Fall, when Mr. Aldrich was about to write to ask for the powerful novel, 'The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains,' now running in *The Atlantic*, he remarked: 'I wonder if Craddock has laid in his Winter's ink yet, so that I can get a serial out of him?' It was owing to Mr. Aldrich's urgent representation that the collection of stories, 'In the Tennessee Mountains,' was published, the publishers hesitating, under the impression that there was no market for short stories collected in book form. His judgment was justified, for the book is now in its ninth thousand.

Last Monday morning, as Mr. Aldrich was in the editorial room of *The Atlantic* word was brought that a lady below wished to see him. He went down and met a pleasant young lady, who remarked that she was Charles Egbert Craddock. Mr. Aldrich could hardly have been more astounded had the roof fallen in, and he turned and ran several steps under the pressure of the shock, before he recovered his usually imperturbable presence of mind. He would have been better prepared to find under that name a strapping six-foot Tennessean than the delicate looking lady before him. He now says that he is inclined to doubt the sex of all the other *Atlantic* contributors whom he has not met. There are certain things in George Eliot's writings which, now that one knows, one can clearly see could have been written only by a woman; but in the writings of Charles Egbert Craddock there is not the slightest trace of feminine influence.

Dr. Holmes and Mr. Howells were equally astonished at meeting Mr. Craddock in Miss Murfree. Mr. Howells had written that he could not come, owing to another engagement, though he wanted very much to 'meet Craddock,' but he was persuaded to come at the urgent request of Mr. Aldrich. On his way he called at a prominent publisher's who said: 'Tell Craddock to drop round to see us.'

It will hardly be a violation of privacy to say that the evening was a delightful one to all; that the chief guest was addressed as 'they' by the host in recognition of the duality of Miss Murfree and Charles Egbert Craddock, while the hostess could not lose the latter name from mind, and compromised with 'Miss Craddock.'

Miss Murfree was born at Murfreesboro, Tenn., and is the daughter of a prominent lawyer, who has written works regarded as authority in the courts. Murfreesboro is the location of the novel, 'Where the Battle was Fought,' and the windows of the house where the family lived up to two years ago overlook the battle-ground. Two years ago Mr. Murfree moved with his family to St. Louis, where they now live. For a number of years, from childhood up, Miss Murfree was unable to use her feet, but her health is now much better and she can get around with slight

assistance. It seems little short of marvellous that under such circumstances the author should have been able to gain so intimate a knowledge of the life of the mountain folk, and their almost inaccessible homes and environment.

## The English Ideal of Heroism.

[From The Spectator.]

ALL Britain is sorrowing for General Gordon. The feeling in Scotland, where attention to Scotchmen abroad never flags, is of the most acute kind,—a personal sorrow under which men could weep for pity and disappointment; and it reaches down to the lowest grades of society. In England, though perhaps less keen, owing to a difference in the national capacity for enthusiasm, it is equally sincere, and in the towns at least equally diffused. Throughout the island the whole people grieves for General Gordon with a strong grief, with a sense of loss which is personal, and wholly independent of the sense of disaster created by the fall of Khartoum. They would have let it fall, if only in the extreme hour he could have escaped to the Lakes. General Gordon's personality was, in fact, a possession of the whole people, wanting which every man feels something the poorer. He was a man after their own heart, a hero of the precise type which they deem most heroic; and could his body be brought to England, it would be followed to the grave by a multitude such as even this generation never witnessed; while the monument which will yet rise about his bones in Khartoum, if he has fallen there, would, if it fully realized national feeling, overtop the Pyramids. This reverence and affection for a man who was neither King, nor Minister, nor hero of many battles, felt by an entire nation, is the more wonderful, because it was inspired almost entirely by the hero's character. General Gordon had done in his fifty-two years of life some marvellous things; but they were not things which ordinary Englishmen knew of, nor were they things redounding in any direct way to Englishmen's advantage. After years of service in the Royal Engineers, during which he gained much repute with his comrades, but was, of course, unknown to the people, Major Gordon was pointed out to the statesmen of Peking, just then almost in despair, as a man who might save their dynasty and the organization of the Empire; and he did save them. His success in organizing an army, his defeat of the Taipings, his personal courage, which seemed to them superhuman, his never-ending resourcefulness, and, above all, his contempt of pecuniary reward, raised in the minds of the leading Chinese an admiration of which they have sometimes appeared incapable. They believed in him implicitly, they were always ready to offer him any command, and they are at this moment fighting the French upon principles which they would have accepted at no other hand. If he would have led them to the defence of Tonquin they would have made him second in the Empire. General Gordon's achievements in China, however, were little discussed in England, except by a small circle, for, except among the small group of merchants and students interested in China, nobody cared much either about the Empire or its ferocious opponents, the Taipings; while those which he performed as Governor of the Equatorial provinces of the Soudan, where he spent three years, and as Governor-General of the whole Soudan, a post which he held for two years more, were absolutely unknown. A vague impression of his character, however, as a man strangely unlike other men—a man separated from the majority of his kind by qualities, beliefs, and ends—had got abroad, being slowly diffused by books, by rumors, and by the agreeing testimony of all who came in contact with him, till, when in 1883 he was named as the one man who might save the Soudan by force of his own nature, the whole nation turned to study him. The people recognized him, as it were, in an instant, found in him precisely the qualities they venerate, and thenceforward made of him a hero to be admired and trusted without reserve.

It is useful as well as interesting to note what those qualities were, for they indicate, as nothing else can, the latent admirations of the English people. They have never cared for a Henri Quatre, do not understand what biographers see in a Lord Peterborough, and demand great services to themselves from a Lord Nelson. First of all, Gordon's recommendations to them was his deep religious faith, a quality which the English, though superficially so grossly material that Continental observers rarely believe in their religion, immovably and universally reverence. They do not care much about the dogmas of the faith, so the faith be there. A man may be a severe Calvinist like Sir Henry Havelock, or a semi-Catholic like General Gordon, or anything between the two; but if he holds visibly and unmistakably that

God rules—rules directly and immediately, taking heed for the world—and that obedience to His will is the first, or indeed the only, duty of the just man, the English heart goes out to him. He is regarded as one who is subject only to the higher law, is released to a marvellous extent, not only from ordinary rules, but from military discipline, and is left free to take his course, as the in some sense acknowledged agent of a Higher Power. If General Gordon advised that he should be sent alone, that was wise, and the 'solitary traveller on a camel' was expected to control all Arabia; if he wrote for armies, that was wise too, and the Government was constrained to send them. A notion that General Gordon's faith would give him insight; that he would be specially protected from danger; and that, however the clouds might gather, he would emerge unhurt, was rooted in the popular mind, and can be seen visibly deflecting the views even of classes which, like journalists, are little given to credulity. Half of the lingering belief in his safety springs from this source. Next to his faith, and partly as proof of his faith, the people worshipped in Gordon his disinterestedness. They knew that he had rejected fortunes in China, and a grand salary in the Soudan; that he cared nothing for honors, and exceedingly little for earthly dignity of any kind—he actually, after he had been Viceroy and more, accepted the Private Secretaryship to Lord Ripon—and they leaped to the conclusion, perfectly accurate, that he was a man released from the curse of self; that he was not, in any act of his life, thinking of Gordon at all, but only of the work to be done. The average English and Scotch, though they are not naturally disinterested, but tend rather to make the best of both worlds, and to become what Amiel calls 'the bourgeoisie of the skies,' admire the quality of disinterestedness beyond measure, regarding it, we believe, not so much as a quality in itself, as a supreme test of the existence of other qualities. It is not a supreme test by any means, ambition being often found—though selfishness never is—in connection with the loftiest aspirations; and men having constantly appeared in whom, as in Pope Hildebrand and Wesley, the passion for rule, and the passion to enforce God's rule, have been almost equally blended. The belief in asceticism lies, however, very deep in the least ascetic of peoples; and the man who gave his guests brewis because his money had gone to the poor—as on one occasion Gordon did while at Chatham—is the man to whom they are readiest to attribute nobler qualities. And after Gordon's faith and disinterestedness, the English admired his courage, the imperturbable serenity of mind which made danger of no account, and which in General Gordon, as previously in Sir Henry Havelock, rose to that calm height of positive indifference which indicates that the courage is more than either bravery or valor,—that it is a spiritual as well as a physical quality, that self is either non-existent, or has been finally got under. Those three qualities—faith, disinterestedness, and courage—were recognized as existing in Gordon in the highest degree; and the English, seeing them, believed in him with a devotion which sometimes stood the severest trials. It was a trial to see the General who believed Egyptian rule a mere curse to the Soudan accepting a Governor-General's commission from the Khedive, a trial to have him ask over and over again for Zebehr, a trial to read proclamations promising to respect slavery, a trial to receive despatches asking for Turkish brigades, a trial to study a book full of incoherent mysticism wholly at variance with the faith of Englishmen, if not in places with common-sense; but the general fidelity survived them all. The people felt somehow that under all that muddle of imaginings, projects, and dreams was a hero, a man always seeking the service of God, and so resigned to His will, that fear, or compromise, or the inefficiency which comes of doubt, was not in him, and they cared little about mere acts,—not even when they suggested, as they undoubtedly did for a time, that the hero's mind had failed. What did it signify if it had failed, if he could still beat back enemies by the mere force of his own energy, improvise warships, make Egyptians fight, and for month after month, in hopeless isolation, calmly face the swarming tribes of the Desert, sure that except through treachery it was impossible for them to prevail against him. He 'could hold out for years;' and the people believed he would hold out, with such steadfastness, that the news of his death, with all his work undone, roused in them a wonder which almost overmastered sorrow. How could he be dead when he trusted so? He was a hero after their innermost heart; and though we can see imperfections in him—more especially that feeling so often perceived in Prophets, Mahdis, Popes, and the founders of new creeds, which confuses one's own will with enlightenment from the Shechinah—we should be the last to say that their ideal was not a noble one, and one which testifies to qualities in the worshippers too often placed in the shade. There is not much

fear for England while her children insist on spending millions and moving armies to keep a perfectly imaginary pledge to a hero like General Gordon, who held them, and their interests, and their opinion to be alike nothing, when the question was of his duty to God and the oppressed.

### Letting Washington Down Easily.

[From *The Saturday Review*.]

It is interesting to learn that Mr. Gladstone considers Mr. Cobden's character as nearly perfect; and that among all historical personages he reveres Washington as the greatest and the best. In the same correspondence he expresses his confidence that after the lapse of another century five hundred millions or a thousand millions of English lineage and language will be united by feelings of family affection. If unhappily they should fall out, they will incur the reprobation which Dante bestowed on 'the great refusal.' One result of the anticipated increase, if the calculation proves to be correct, will disappoint the recent aspirations of colonizing rivals. Australia and New Zealand, if a hundred years hence they only contain a hundred millions of English inhabitants, will, long before they have reached that number, have secured the control or annexation of all territories in the South Seas which are now threatened with French or German occupation. Within ten or twenty years the remaining dominions of Mexico will almost certainly be absorbed into the United States, and the Indo-Spanish population will have to choose between civilized industry and rapid disappearance. With characteristic readiness of quotation, Mr. Gladstone anticipates for the future descendants of the English stock an empire once claimed by Virgil, as belonging to Augustus:—

Super et Garamantas et Indos

Proferet imperium.

The prophecy is the less ambitious because it is, at least as far as the Indians are concerned, already accomplished. Mr. Gladstone seems to appreciate the possible exploits of the Twentieth Century more justly than the actual conquests of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth. It would perhaps have been unseasonable to continue the quotation:—

Hujus in adventum jam nunc et Caspia regna  
Responsis horrent Divum, et Mæotia tellus,  
Et septemgemini turbant trepida ostia Nili.

The trans-Caspian kingdoms and the mouths or shores of the Nile are not at present pleasant subjects for the imaginative speculations of the responsible ruler of England.

Foreign critics would do injustice to Mr. Gladstone if they supposed that his sanguine expectations are prompted by a narrow and selfish patriotism. The United States already include more than half of the English-speaking race, and their population increases much more rapidly than that of the United Kingdom. The Irish in America are also numerous and prolific, and it is possible that they may still for two or three generations remain more or less distinct from their fellow-citizens. Some years ago Mr. Gladstone expressed a belief that the commercial supremacy of England would be soon transferred to America; and he added, with cosmopolitan impartiality, that he for one should not regret the change. A Prime Minister who has no prejudice in favor of the country which has raised him to its highest post may be admired as superior to ordinary human weakness. Less disinterested politicians are content, when they foresee the inevitable greatness of a rival, to acquiesce without useless complaint in a result which they are powerless to prevent. The alternative course of affecting to regard Americans as countrymen indicates either culpable indifference or unconscious insincerity. Envy of American felicity involves a higher compliment than affected sympathy. The United States, having no enemies, or, in other words, no equal neighbors, scarcely need a foreign policy; and they are comparatively exempt from menaces of socialism and anarchy. When one of their own citizens seeks notoriety by proposing general plunder, he finds it convenient to transfer his efforts to a foreign country before he preaches the predatory doctrine of nationalization of the land. Whether identity of race and language tends to promote good-will among independent communities is still a doubtful question. The Greek Republics, who despised as barbarian every language except their own, were almost always at war among themselves. German patriotism, which is likely to be as permanent as it is vigorous, has only been revived during the present generation after an interval of many centuries. Again and again Bavaria fought with France against Austria; and the Confederation of the Rhine under French sovereignty was thought a natural and not discreditable arrangement. As late as 1850 Prussia and



Austria alternately courted against one another the aid of Russia. The violent animosity to England expressed in the common language by American journalists and orators during the Civil War was a main cause of the indifference or occasional ill-will which was felt for the Northern cause. On the other hand, Englishmen and Americans feel an interest in one another which is not extended to foreigners, and the loyalty of the Colonies to the Crown is genuine.

Mr. Gladstone has for many years been bent on expiating a mistake which he committed when the Southern Confederacy seemed likely to establish its independence. His complacent declaration that Jefferson Davis had made an army, and his prophecy that he would make a nation, were universally understood at the time to imply that Mr. Gladstone inclined to the recognition of Southern independence. A more prudent colleague, Sir G. Lewis, at once took or made an opportunity of announcing on behalf of the Government an opposite policy; and, having probably discovered his error, Mr. Gladstone never repeated his display of Southern partisanship. He has since persuaded himself that his language indicated no predilection for the cause which has been proved by fortune to be wrong. It is perhaps rather with the purpose of convincing himself than in the hope of satisfying others that he has since cultivated an almost exaggerated devotion to the United States. There are many reasons for believing his present feelings to be sincere. American institutions are probably more congenial to his taste than the English system, which still contains the relics of an aristocratic element. The power of the numerical majority of the population has become, mainly by Mr. Gladstone's action, much more absolute in England than in America, but social inequality is more tenacious than constitutional relations. The same statesman who was willing to see commercial supremacy pass from England to the United States is still less likely to grudge any political advantage which may be obtained by the most favored nation.

The same reaction against a former opinion or tendency perhaps accounts for Mr. Gladstone's enthusiastic admiration of Washington. It is easy to understand, and even to approve, the indigenous formula which describes him as 'first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen'; but it was in the wars of the Revolution, in the Presidency of the young Republic, and, above all, in the hearts of his countrymen, that he can claim to be first. A national hero properly becomes typical and ideal; and among Americans Washington has no competitor. Grant, Sherman, Lee, and 'Stonewall' Jackson perhaps accomplished greater military feats; but in civil life most of them never took a part, and one was conspicuously unsuccessful. Even if they had been superior to Washington, the first place was already occupied. It would be as impossible to displace Washington as to have set up another patriotic tyrannicide at Athens as a rival to Harmodius and Aristogeiton. It may be conjectured that foreign proselytes to the American faith are more or less consciously under the influence of a wish to be complimentary, and in the case of Englishmen to show that they have no prejudice against a victorious enemy. Thackeray, like Mr. Gladstone, once expressed the opinion that Washington's was the greatest name in history; but he was then anxious for American popularity; and it may be added that he always preferred goodness to greatness. Of the highest genius, practical or literary, he was intolerant, as in the cases of Swift and Marlborough.

No competent judge has placed Washington in the first rank of great soldiers, though he accomplished his peculiar work with admirable perseverance and with eventual success. His European contemporaries attributed imaginary merit to his supposed moderation in retiring after the war and after his second term of office into a private station. They contrasted him, to his advantage, with Cromwell, and, after the establishment of the Consulate in France, with Bonaparte, as an illustrious example of Republican self-denial. Washington was, in truth, a thoroughly disinterested patriot; but, if he had been the most ambitious and unprincipled of adventurers, he could by no possibility have become a king or a despot. It would be as reasonable to give Wellington credit for not dethroning George III. after Waterloo as to praise Washington for being content with a moral primacy among his countrymen. One Englishman, who was, it must be admitted, not inclined to excessive eulogy of popular heroes, in protesting against such language as that of Mr. Gladstone and of Thackeray, approached more nearly to a just estimate of Washington's character. Carlyle had previously remarked of Washington's great friend and associate that 'no man ever came through more confusion with less imputation against him than Lafayette. None can accuse him of variableness; he has seen

the world change like a conjurer's pasteboard world; he stands there unchanged as a stone pillar in the midst of it. Does this prove him a great man, a good man? Nowise. Perhaps only a limited man.' 'Washington,' he adds, 'is another of our perfect characters; to me a most limited, uninteresting sort.' On other occasions, provoked by exaggeration or contradiction, Carlyle expressed the same judgment in more vehement terms. In criticizing hyperbolic eulogies it is difficult to avoid superlatives of the opposite kind, and Carlyle was exceptionally inclined to the use of strong language. Washington was assuredly not an ordinary man; but the heroic proportions of his figure are in some degree due to his position as the principal actor in a revolution of the highest historical importance.

### Mr. Gosse on His American Travels.

[From an Interview in *The Pall Mall Gazette*.]

'YOU try me hard,' said Mr. Edmund Gosse, who has just returned to London after a highly successful lecturing tour in America, to one of our representatives, who called upon him with a request for his impressions of America. 'The fact is I have declined to be interviewed—the word is familiar enough to me now, I can assure you. The first night I landed in New York, sea-sick and weary, I naturally wished to retire early. I had opened my bedroom door to put out my boots. An interviewer was there on my door mat. He declined to move until he got the information he required. The door mat was hard. I took pity on him. Well,' (relenting) 'I shall be delighted to answer a very few questions. But no man has a right to give his judgment on a country after only eight weeks' experience.' 'I have noticed, Mr. Gosse, that celebrities are always most enthusiastic in their praise of America, its great people, its great institutions, if they think of returning at some future date. It is but natural. Americans pay us back in the same coin.' 'I cannot undertake to give you any impressions on America. I did not stay there long enough to collect any that could be of value to you. But I might, perhaps, venture on one or two impressions of Englishmen in America. It has struck me in the current comparisons between the two countries that our travellers have failed to prepare themselves for the fact that, although the language is the same, the two nations differ immensely. The first thing that strikes one is the difference in the physical appearance of America—broad planes of the landscape, the brilliant atmosphere, even the foreign smells. Englishmen should not, when they visit America, wish to have a replica of what they left behind. Nor should they reprove and chastise and point the moral, as they are so fond of doing—a remnant, surely, of the good old times when the papers used to tell John Bull every morning that he was the noblest fellow in the world, and could do nothing wrong. One is immensely struck by the fact that all the little details of everyday life are different; even the language has undergone a transmutation not to be discovered in books. A station has become a 'depot,' a washhand jug a "pitcher," spirits of wine "alcohol," luggage "baggage," an engine a "locomotive"—all these little things tend to produce a certain amount of friction on a conservative ear. Then the Englishman should start with an understanding that democracy is a real thing in America. Now, I heard a story of a distinguished English man of science who made so great a fuss at an American railway station that the bystanders remarked it. "You seem to take up a great deal of room, sir." "In my country I am accustomed to take up a great deal of room." These are the little things that ruffle the Americans sadly. But it is impossible, I think, for any one, even perhaps for an American, to give trustworthy impressions of America, the most interesting country in the world, the most shifting problem of modern times.

'The Americans regard Mr. James Bryce as the authority *par excellence* on things American. But then he has travelled far and wide, and followed the various steps of American progress with sympathy and intelligence.' 'Why is one lecturer more successful than another in America?' 'My impression is that tact is one of the most important elements. Thackeray was perhaps the most popular of English lecturers, for his extreme simplicity, his geniality, his courtesy, and his tact. Dickens, on the other hand, perhaps, posed too much for effect. He was too theatrical. Now, no nation is so susceptible as the American. I heard of one famous English professor who always lectured there in a flannel shirt—a decided breach of conventionality. It would be interesting to know whether the flannel shirts appear at his English lectures; if not, I feel inclined to wonder why refined and susceptible audiences should be treated with less deference on the west than on the east of the ocean. One sometimes fancies that a great ignorance of the real social and intel-

lectual condition of the Eastern States must cling about even highly educated English people. I heard charming stories, perhaps at least half true, of English artists who were afraid to sketch in the Central Park of New York for fear of Indians; of eminent lawyers who had not happened to hear of the fact that the negro slavery had been abolished. My own impression is that the way to enjoy America is to take the trouble to learn a little about its intellectual and political life before going there.' . . . . .

Mr. Gosse seems to have been much struck by the activity, mental and physical, of the veteran authors such as Whittier, Dr. Holmes, and Mr. Bancroft, who is still full of vitality at eighty-five. 'In America the patriarch of literature must remain in evidence until the day of his death. If he became indolent or unproductive he would disappear below the horizon and be neglected. I was even asked, "Why Mr. Ruskin maintained his popularity with us when he had long ceased to do good work?" I was startled. But whether that particular point be contested or no, I think that we are more loyal than Americans are to native genius in decline. We never forget our great men here. The American is much more cultivated than the average Englishman. He reads books more. There are no circulating libraries in America. Books are bought, and private libraries, however small, are formed throughout the country. The Americans bear great love to Shakespearian plays. Both Mr. Booth and Mr. Lawrence Barrett were most warm in praise of the great good which Mr. Irving's visits have done to theatrical America. Mr. Lawrence Barrett is now making some interesting dramatic experiments. I was present at his first night's performance of Mr. Browning's "Blot in the Scutcheon" at Philadelphia, and at his appearance as Cassius at New York. Both performances were in the highest degree interesting and scholarly. He and Mr. Frank Millett had mounted the play of 'Julius Cæsar' with great care and elaboration. The crowd, admirably grouped, most artistically dressed, was the most picturesque stage crowd I ever saw.' In conclusion, Mr. Gosse's many friends will be glad to find that he has neglected to cultivate the American accent.

### A Swedish View of Gordon.

[From *The Pall Mall Gazette*.]

WE have seen accounts of interviews between General Gordon and Frenchmen, Americans, and English, and we know not what other nationality, but the first report of an interview with a Swede recently appeared in the Norwegian *Dagblad*. The writer, a traveller who some years ago made a tour in Asia Minor and Egypt, gives the following account of his meeting with General Gordon at Khartoum:—

'After passing through the courtyard, filled with soldiers, I came first into a little room, where two clerks were at their desks. Through this I was led into a large square room with windows on two sides and very little furniture, as is generally the case in Egyptian work-rooms. A divan ran round three of the walls. The room was almost filled by officials, merchants, priests, and officers, who were waiting to talk to Gordon, while black servants offering coffee and cigarettes made their way through this crowd of visitors. In the midst of the room at a large square table sat a man, dressed in black. His back was turned to the window and his right arm rested on the table. That was Gordon. What did he look like? From what I had heard of him I imagined him to be the type of a true Briton: tall and large-limbed, bearded and of strong, sharp features, who by a look, a gesture, could control his savage, or half-savage, surroundings. But he was not that, not by any means. A short, slender man, with a fine, pale, almost beardless face, whose thoughtful, far-away, almost dreaming, but nevertheless energetic, look gave his whole being a striking expression of seriousness. He was like a scholar, who in his lonely study conceives and works up a new and grand idea. He offered me a chair, and after refreshments had been offered to me, he asked me about my journey. His voice was soft and low. He spoke in short, abrupt sentences; was cool and distant, and while speaking looked at me with steady, questioning eyes. It was as if he tried to read in my face whether he might trust me or not. I had hoped that he would take some interest in my travels, but I was disappointed. Gordon's is a remarkable nature of steady individuality. He helps all travellers as far as it is in his power, but of scientific interests he has none. He is entirely taken up with the work to which he has devoted himself—namely, to free the slaves and to convert them into useful members of society. That is his life's work. May be that in his intense feelings he believes too firmly in the speedy success of his cause. Or perhaps he does not suf-

ficiently appreciate the influence of European culture and trade. Possibly, and in that respect he must be called an idealist. But who sees not greatness and nobleness even in a somewhat ideal faith in the power and strength of God? And who is not touched by that rare zeal with which the idealist has worked out his great plan at elevating the vast Soudan, to stem and extirpate the slave trade, to help these people to believe in truth, and to awaken in the Soudanese, in themselves peaceful and industrious people, a trust in their future? For this end he has worked without interruption for several years with greatest efforts and personal sacrifice. Then he was called back to the Khedival Court, and a year after Gordon's efforts were forgotten and the Mahdi rages worse than before. Gordon is one of the great men of our time who are greater than they are esteemed. Our interview was short. Gordon remained reserved, almost cold, and yet it seemed as if kindness lay hidden under the reserve. I met him several times afterward, and each time he appeared to become more friendly.'

### Leopold Damrosch.

FEBRUARY 15TH, 1885.

[H. C. Bunner, in *Puck*.]

WAKED at the waving of thy hand, so near  
Came music to the language of the soul—  
Not viol alone, or flute: an ordered whole,  
That with one voice spoke to us, subtly clear—  
So near it came to all that life holds dear,  
So full it was of messages that stole  
Silently to the spirit—of the roll  
Of thunders that the heart leaped up to hear—  
That we, who look upon the fallen hand  
That shall not rise for music's sake again  
Upon this earth—we, lingering, well may deem  
Thee glad with a great joy, to understand,  
At last, the full and all-revealing strain  
That tells what earthly music may but dream.

### The March of the Workers.\*

[William Morris, in the new Socialistic journal, *The Commonwealth*.]

WHAT is this, the sound and rumor? What is this that all men hear,  
Like the wind in hollow valleys when the storm is drawing near,  
Like the rolling on of ocean in the eventide of fear?

'Tis the people marching on.

Whither go they, and whence come they? What are these of whom  
ye tell?

In what country are they dwelling 'twixt the gates of heaven and hell?  
Are they mine or thine for money? Will they serve a master well?

Still the rumor's marching on.

*Chorus*—Hark the rolling of the thunder!

Lo, the sun! and lo, thereunder  
Riseth wrath, and hope, and wonder,  
And the host comes marching on.

Forth they come from grief and torment; on they wend toward health  
and mirth:

All the wide world is their dwelling, every corner of the earth.  
Buy them, sell them for thy service! Try the bargain what 'tis worth,  
For the days are marching on.

These are they who build thy houses, weave thy raiment, win thy  
wheat,

Smooth the rugged, fill the barren, turn the bitter into sweet,  
All for thee this day—and ever. What reward for them is meet?  
Still the host comes marching on.

*Chorus*—Hark the rolling, etc.

Many a hundred years, passed over, have they labored deaf and  
blind;  
Never tidings reached their sorrow, never hope their toil might find.  
Now at last they've heard and hear it, and their cry comes down the  
wind,

And their feet are marching on.

O ye rich men, hear and tremble! for with words the sound is rife:  
'Once for you and death we labored; changed henceforward is the  
strife,

We are men, and we shall battle for the world of men and life;  
And our host is marching on.'

*Chorus*—Hark the rolling, etc.

'Is it war, then? Will ye perish as the dry wood in the fire?  
Is it peace? Then be ye of us, let your hope be our desire.  
Come and live! for life awaketh, and the world shall never tire;  
And hope is marching on.

\* To be sung to the tune of 'John Brown.'



'On we march then, we the workers, and the rumor that ye hear  
Is the blended sound of battle and deliverance drawing near;  
For the hope of every creature is the banner that we bear.'

And the world is marching on.

Chorus—Hark the rolling, etc.

### Current Criticism

MR. GLADSTONE'S POLITICAL HEROES:—Mr. Gladstone's two political heroes, the men of all ages and countries who seem to him beyond compare, are Washington and Cobden. Of the many reflections which this interesting judgment naturally suggests, the most obvious is perhaps how like one of the heroes, how unlike the other, is to their worshipper. The greatest orator of the age divides his admiration between one of the most silent and one of the most talkative of men—the soldier of American independence and the spokesman of free trade. But there is a likeness in unlikeness between the two men. Some one has divided the heroes of the world into heroes in scarlet and heroes in drab; and Washington, soldier though he was, belongs, by the color of his mind, if not of his coat, to the latter class, no less than Cobden. They were both of the order of heroes whose common sense is saved from mediocrity by a dash of enthusiasm, and not of those whose enthusiasm is saved from futility by a dash of common sense. The admiration of the world will always be divided between the 'sanity of true genius' and the insanity of true heroism.—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

M. TAINE'S LATEST VOLUME:—He does not make discoveries. His volumes contain few of those striking novel views which we might expect from a lively mind emancipated so completely from the party trammels which imprison so many historical students in darkness. Jacobinism has, perhaps, seldom been more thoroughly or lucidly discussed than in this volume, but it remains what it was before the volume was published. We see it more distinctly, but we discover nothing which we were not prepared for. Nevertheless, we cannot doubt that M. Taine has really examined it, as he professes, with the impartiality and freedom from prepossessions of a scientific investigator. If he has arrived at strong conclusions, which here and there he states with some degree of passion, he has arrived at them fairly; the passion has not prevented him from seeing the facts, but arose in his mind after the facts had been studied; it is not his fault, but the fault of Jacobinism. When the prisoner at the bar is really guilty, the judge's summing up may be as severe as the speech of the prosecutor.—*The Athenæum*.

THE HERO OF MISS BARKER'S 'GRAAB':—Guiziraz Sing was 'a most superior person'; deep study 'gave a certain hardness and coldness to his facial contour'; he had a 'distinguished ensemble,' and, best of all, 'there was an ineffable something about him.' When a baby he had been thrown into a river with nothing on but a gold anklet, on which were written these words:—'Great-grandson of Rajah Daood—Take care of me.' He eventually fell into the hands of 'a buxom widow,' who when he was introduced was 'of fair, fat, and fifty.' A widow 'of fair' might possibly serve as a foster-mother for ordinary foundlings, but only a widow 'of fat' could be a worthy protector for an 'ineffable' foundling. Fortunately this buxom widow had no other child to occupy her attention. Now, if the foundling had fallen into the hands of her sister, the case would have been very different. That lady 'had seen and fed seven little chicks round her table at one time, now, alas! she had only four dear, sweet young chicks.' Who can read this without recalling the beautiful poem, 'Seven little, six little, five little Indians; Six little, five little, four little Indians; Three little Indians, Two little Indians, One little Indian boy'? Not that the seven little chicks were seven little Indians; but then there was that one little Indian boy.—*The Saturday Review*.

'HOW TO PLAY WHIST':—Mr. Proctor, being a whist player as well as a man of science, has amused himself by instructing the readers of *Knowledge* in the modern art of whist, and has now collected his papers in the above little book. He follows the approved system of James Clay and Cavendish, but is not, like Dr. Pole, a servile follower, and is not open to the charge which may possibly be brought against Cavendish, and certainly against Dr. Pole, that he considers the first object in scientific whist is not to win the game, but to act in accordance with the principles, and afford information to one's partner and opponents. . . . It is singular that in his book Mr. Proctor makes

no allusion to the newest system of so-called American leads, which within the last year has greatly exercised whist circles. This system consists, when leading from a long suit, of ignoring your small cards, and leading in the same way that would be done had you only the four higher cards of your suit in hand. The result is that by the close of the second round of the suit the whole table is informed that all the small cards must be in your hand, and the question in dispute is whether this amount of general knowledge is to the advantage of the leader, or the reverse. If he, or his partner, holds the strength in trumps, the system may give a great result; but on the other hand it can do no good, and may be productive of harm.—*The Academy*.

### Notes

THE frontispiece of *Harper's* for April will be a striking portrait of Abraham Lincoln, taken before his election. It shows the face in all its homely strength, before there was any beard to conceal the strong outline of the chin.

—To Mr. C. C. Buel, and to Mr. C. C. Buel alone, belongs the credit of having suggested the series of war papers now running in *The Century*. Other persons are said to lay claim to the honor, but I prefer to think that they have been misrepresented. Mr. Buel's letter of suggestion, written in July, 1883, is long and explicit. It is on file in *The Century* office, and bears the indorsement of the editor-in-chief, to whom it was addressed. Mr. Buel, by the way, is on the editorial staff of the magazine, and is a stockholder in The Century Company.

—Cassell & Co. are about to issue a dainty little volume entitled 'Kindly Light,' which will contain a brief selection, of a consolatory or inspiring character, for every day in the year. The bits of prose and verse have been chosen from a very wide circle of authors, and Dr. Howard Crosby has written an introduction to the book.

—Mrs. Custer, the widow of the gallant General, has written a book describing her life and adventures on the plains. It is called 'Boots and Saddle.' Harper & Bros. will publish it this month.

—Mr. George Willis Cooke has been at work for some time on 'An Historical and Biographical Introduction to *The Dial*, with a List of the Contributors.' Col. Higginson and Mr. Sanborn have both read the manuscript, which is now nearly ready for the press; and the former writes to Mr. Cooke concerning it, that the matter has been treated much more fully than he had expected it to be, that he is much pleased with the result, and that the work should certainly be published. Mr. Sanborn is equally complimentary in his comments on the manner in which Mr. Cooke has performed his self-appointed task. The volume cannot fail to be of special interest.

—A Life of Samuel Bowles, the founder of the *Springfield Republican*, by the Rev. George Merriam, and a Life of William Lloyd Garrison, by his children, are announced by The Century Co.

—Lord Lytton's 'Glen Averil; or, The Metamorphoses' is to be published in London this month.

—'The Shadow of the War,' a semi-political novel, published recently by Jansen, McClurg & Co., is now known to have been written by Dr. Stephen Robinson, a practising physician of Edwardsville, Ill., whose early residence in South Carolina made him familiar with the actual workings of Reconstruction. It is the author's only literary venture.

—Theodore Roosevelt has written an article on 'Phases of State Legislation,' which is to be printed in the April *Century*.

—Prof. John G. R. McElroy, of the University of Pennsylvania, has prepared for A. C. Armstrong & Son a practical work on 'The Structure of English Prose: a Manual of Composition and Rhetoric,' presenting in text-book form the lectures read before the students of the University during the past eight years.

—Austin Dobson has written a prologue and an epilogue in rhyme for the sumptuous edition of 'She Stoops to Conquer,' with illustrations by Mr. Edwin A. Abbey, which Messrs. Harper are preparing for next season.

—In about two months the Revised Old Testament will be put upon the market in this country and in England. The work is the joint property of Oxford and Cambridge, the editions issued by the two Universities being uniform in style and price. Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., the authorized agents of the book in the United States, announce editions ranging from one volume in cloth boards at \$1 to four volumes in Turkey morocco at \$28 a set.

—Macmillan & Co. are about to publish in book-form the lectures delivered at the Royal Institution in 1880, by Mr. John Fiske, upon 'American Political Ideas viewed from the Standpoint of Universal History.'

—Messrs. Bentley have in preparation a new edition of Cavendish's 'Life of Wolsey,' which is to be edited by Mr. Froude.

—'L'Expédition du Rodgers à la Recherche de la Jeannette' is the title of a recently announced translation, by Capt. J. West, of W. H. Gilder's 'Ice-Pack and Tundra.' Another French announcement is that of 'Jack et Jane,' an adaptation by Stahl and Lermont of Miss Alcott's 'Jack and Jill.'

—Prof. W. D. Whitney, of Yale, is the writer of the article on Philology in the new volume of the Britannica.

—The *Pall Mall Gazette* has followed our example and interviewed Mr. Edmund Gosse on his American trip. We reprint its report on another page—all of it, that is, except a few quotations from our own interview with the graceful poet and essayist.

—A new work by Mr. George Augustus Sala, entitled 'A Journey Due South: Travels in Search of Sunshine,' with a preface written by the author on board ship, while on his way to the United States and Australia, is published by Vizetelly & Co., of London.

—Mr. W. H. Morrison, of Washington, announces the publication, in May, of the third volume of Schouler's History of the United States, embracing the period from 1817 to 1831.

—'Galatians,' in the Rev. J. A. Beet's series of commentaries on the Epistles of St. Paul, will be ready in the course of a few days by Thomas Whittaker. The new volume will be uniform with 'Romans' and 'Corinthians,' by the same author. Mr. Whittaker will also issue this week 'Quatrefoil,' a Souvenir of May Dickinson, done up in dainty style for Easter remembrance.

—'That harmless drudge' the dictionary-maker, says *The Athenæum*, seems to come in for a share of reward in Turkey. The Sultan has raised to the first rank second class Sami Bey, author of the 'Kamus-i-fransevi,' the new Turkish-French dictionary, and at the same time the new medal of merit, the *Itikhar*, was conferred. The printer, an Armenian, has received honorary precedence of second rank second class.

—Mr. Henry Norman, an Englishman, educated at Harvard, is revisiting this country for the purpose of preparing a series of sketches of eminent statesmen and literary men to appear in the *Celebrities at Home* series in the *London World*. Mr. Norman is a highly cultivated young gentleman, whose pen adds greatly to the brightness and interest of *The Spectator* and *The Fortnightly Review*.

—T. S. Arthur, a well-known Philadelphia author and publisher, died last Friday in his seventy-sixth year. Years ago he published in Baltimore a paper called *The Athenæum*, and wrote a novel called 'Insubordination.' In 1841 he moved to Philadelphia, and five years later began the publication of *Arthur's Home Gazette*, and, four years later still, of *Arthur's Home Magazine*. A juvenile called *Children's Hours*, which he began to issue twenty-two years ago, was ultimately absorbed by *St. Nicholas*. Most of his books were on household and temperance topics. Those best known are 'Ten Nights in a Bar-room' and 'Three Years in a Man-trap.'

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have begun the publication of an ideal series of books, which they call the Riverside Aldine Series. It is in the style of the famous Pickering editions, but is an improvement on those classics in size of type. Mr. Aldrich's 'Marjorie Daw' and Mr. Warner's *My Summer in a Garden* open the series.

—Dr. Holmes wrote to the committee in charge of the unveiling, at Portland, Me., of the replica of the Westminster bust of Longfellow: 'Of all the marbles that fill Westminster Abbey with the glory of great memories, not one bears one speaking a language so eloquent as that which is faithfully reproduced in the bust before us. For it announces itself as a pledge of brotherhood recorded in the most sacred shrine of a great nation with which we have sometimes been at variance, but to whose home and race our affection must ever cling, so long as blood is thicker than water. The seemingly feeble link of a sentiment is often stronger than the adamant chain of a treaty. It is the province of literature, and especially poetry, which deals with the sentiments common to humanity, to obliterate the geographical and political boundaries of nations, and make them one in feeling. The beautiful tribute of Englishmen to an American poet, giving him a place in their proudest mausoleum, by the side of their bravest, best, noblest, greatest, is a proof of friend-

ship and esteem so genuine that it overleaps all the barriers of nationality.' Mr. Whittier wrote as follows: 'The gift of the Westminster Abbey committee cannot fail to add another strong tie of sympathy between two great English-speaking peoples. And never was gift more fitly bestowed. The city of Portland—the poet's birthplace, "beautiful for situation," looking from its hills on the scenery he loved so well, Deering's Oaks, the many islanded bay and far inland mountains, delectable in sunset—needed this sculptured representation of her illustrious son, and may well testify her joy and gratitude at its reception, and repeat in so doing the words of the Hebrew prophet: "O man, greatly beloved!—Thou shalt stand in thy place."'

## The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

### QUESTIONS.

No. 898.—Can you point me to the poem in which the following passage appears?

Thou art my peer;  
No weakling girl, who would surrender will  
And life and reason with her loving heart  
To her possessor; no soft, clinging thing,  
Who would find breath alone within the arms  
Of a strong master, and obediently  
Wait on his whims in slavish carefulness;  
No fawning, cringing spaniel, to attend  
His royal pleasure and account herself  
Rewarded with his pats and pretty words:  
But a sound woman, who, with insight keen,  
Has wrought a scheme of life, and measured well  
Her womanhood; has set before her feet  
A fine philosophy to guide her steps;  
Has found a faith to which her life is brought  
In strict adjustment, heart and brain meanwhile  
Working in conscious harmony and rhythm  
With the great scheme of God's great universe,  
On toward her being's end.

NEW YORK CITY.

C. P.

No. 899.—From whom can I obtain a copy of Senator Voorhees's Speeches, Political and Literary, and at what price?  
EWING COLLEGE, ILL.

H. S. W.

No. 900.—Can you tell me of any biographical sketch of the late Dr. John Brown, author of 'Rab and His Friends'?

PRINCETON, N. J.

S. N. K.

No. 901.—Where can I find a somewhat extended criticism of the writings of Henry James, Jr., with some account of his life?

DENVER, COL.

E. C. S.

[See W. D. Howells's paper on Mr. James in *The Century* for Nov. 1882.]

### ANSWERS.

No. 786.—'How to Get On in the World,' by Robert Waters (New York: Worthington: \$1), is founded on the life of Cobbett.

No. 842.—This note, from a recent number of *The Athenæum*, may interest C. B., Jr., of Denver: 'The author of the Cheveley Novels, who tried to make a reputation first and hoped to justify it afterward, has not done much to gain his end by publishing "Souls and Cities."'

No. 861.—The poem 'Heliotrope' was written by Constance Fenimore Woolson, and appeared in *Harper's Monthly* for July, 1878.

WENHAM, MASS.

B. H. C.

No. 869.—Why does C. B., of Monterey, say that the lines

The grave itself is but a covered bridge,  
Leading from light to light through a brief darkness,

were 'translated' by Longfellow? They occur as his own in 'The Golden Legend.'

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

C. F. B.

No. 883.—M. W.'s query, in regard to the 'seven best novels in the English language,' recalls a similar question asked by *Unity*, of Chicago, last summer. It was 'What are the ten great novels, the noblest available to English readers?' The editor wrote about one hundred letters to ladies and gentlemen 'a consensus of whose opinion might make a list of weight and value to those who desire to be led into the most profitable fields in literature,' and received sixty-one replies from which he prepared the following table, in which the titles are arranged according to the number of votes received: 'The Scarlet Letter,' 'Romola,' 'Adam Bede,' 'Les Misérables,' 'Ivanhoe,' 'David Copperfield,' 'Henry Esmond,' 'On the Heights,' 'Wilhelm Meister,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Among those whose opinions were given were eminent divines, professors, critics and authors, known throughout the land and of recognized taste. I should be very glad to furnish the entire list, with the number of votes each work received, to any who will send to me for it.

YALE COLLEGE, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

R. H. BALDWIN.